Rom 6
1932

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52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621.

Tuesday

The Woolfs are giving you a frigidaire with their love for your birthday. Would you ring up tomorrow morning a day when you can see the man about installing it. They already ordered so protest is useless.

Virginia

Leonard

Thursday 194

Dear

I find we've made such a many many thin
year — we've just done our half yearly account —
that I'm sending you a very small Cheque, as
I've nothing whatever to buy with it.
So this is nothing to do with Angelica;
it's Dolphin's solely. Do be a good
beast & say no more about it.
Lord — what a party Sunday last night!

B.

1952 Dec 12 52 T-S

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also I dont think you & D. can have charged anything for your carpet designs: why not?

Heres the cheque for £1.15.7.
I think its ridiculously little—
I think its absurd. for example. to
charge only £3.5. for the desk — what
mean that you're charging nothing
for painting or designing.
However I send the cheque: a think
we had better discuss the matter.
I suppose there's more furniture to
come in. You're not used up
the £100 anyhow. I cant help
thinking too that some of the
things might sell. But we'd
better discuss it by word of mouth.
Does Sander mean the fern stool?
Lots other things I want at Rodmell.
But we must meet

VB.

we rent Julian 2 book — Tom, a Aldous: let me know if they dont come. Our new Perkins always puts Enes instead of Jones, so Allen go wrong. But my God, how heavenly to see nobody! But the Keynes with he an les: And when is your party?

Monks Horne
Rodmell Dec 23rd

1932 165

(that I should enjoy - but doubtless you cant ask me, Shawcrome as I am)

Dear Dolphin

I cannot think of any news — my last contact with civilized life was with Barbara & Jayon & Judith. Naturally the admirable Barbara made it an occasion to sit down with me for 1 hour + ½ before Jayon came — long as the said 2 I can be when, tired of trailing round shops. I hear her no more work; though Angelica. I had a mint of things to say. Angelica is becoming a woman of great tact & discernment — we never just discuss Mrs Jarrell & Thackeray & I was finding her exactly as my way of thinking when, as I say, we pushed that lamentable trouper. & for the rest the time we talked of Canning fruit & bottling eggs & I generally for the inspection of prune & grape & Judge & extinction — not altogether alluded by your dear Jayon, who could not think where they were to dine. Said the boy.

By the way, the Screen would be magnificent here – I can't bear the old curtains much longer.

Finally they trapesed off to some dismal hot house in Fitzroy Street. Barbara was chatting with Mrs Pickett: the Parson is said between them. But parsons when touched by Barbara merely rattle like tin cans – I told her fruit always goes bad in turn: this the said cost ½ each when bought by the dozen Gross. Angelica Dis grand beauty – Lord, what a time is coming for us, now that the last of the Brats is a year age to whisper comments into our ears.'

All this is deadly dull. Were you very dark with Raymond – a touchy meretricious dulness; mine was dulness pure & simple. This blazing hot June: the flowers are out: the trees threaten to swarm: I & Percy spend the day pruning. Mr. Robinson has bought the farm down, & is going to farm it, so I shall have no excuse to buy another house as I had intended. Ashcham Cement is now all smoke by day & light by night & will soon go smash. The ladies went to Brighton & bought 4 red buttons – which anyhow don't take much room – may come in a some stitchery of ours. As my small & unregarded present I enclose this very dark cheque: I want to pay the cocktail bill myself: now don't cash your tael: otherwise you should have had a Gramophone or an Evening dress: this is less & need not be mentioned. Send bill for upholstery. Needles to say, Duncan stuff is not to be had for a fortnight. The Turkey has come. I'm afraid poor old Ethel has met with a fatal groove about her basket –

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/62

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POST CARD

Mrs Clive Bell
Charleston
Firle
Lewes
Sussex

NYPL

7 Jan 1933

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Friday

We may inflict ourselves
on you for tea
tomorrow, which is, I'm
wont know. Saturday.
But its so freezing all
our pipes are frozen here,
& the Lefevre have sent
me things that dont belong
to me & not the things that do.
But I will tell you all
when we meet.

B.

The carpet has come } both are
The glass is up } beyond all
Dreams.